HOSTILITY

Journal of Black Vampyrism & the Sinister

"The hand that cracks the whip
rules the world"

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Death Spiral Press

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Hostility II: First Edition

:Table of Contents:

1. The Dreaded Gift of Yester
2. No Limits Evil
3. Abhartach
4. Night Breed
5. A Note on Insight Roles
6. Lord of Lethality
7. Satanic Excellence
8. Our Black Devotion
9. Nine Vampiric Aphorisms – Commentary Part One
10. Horrific Veneration
11. Vampiric Sadism

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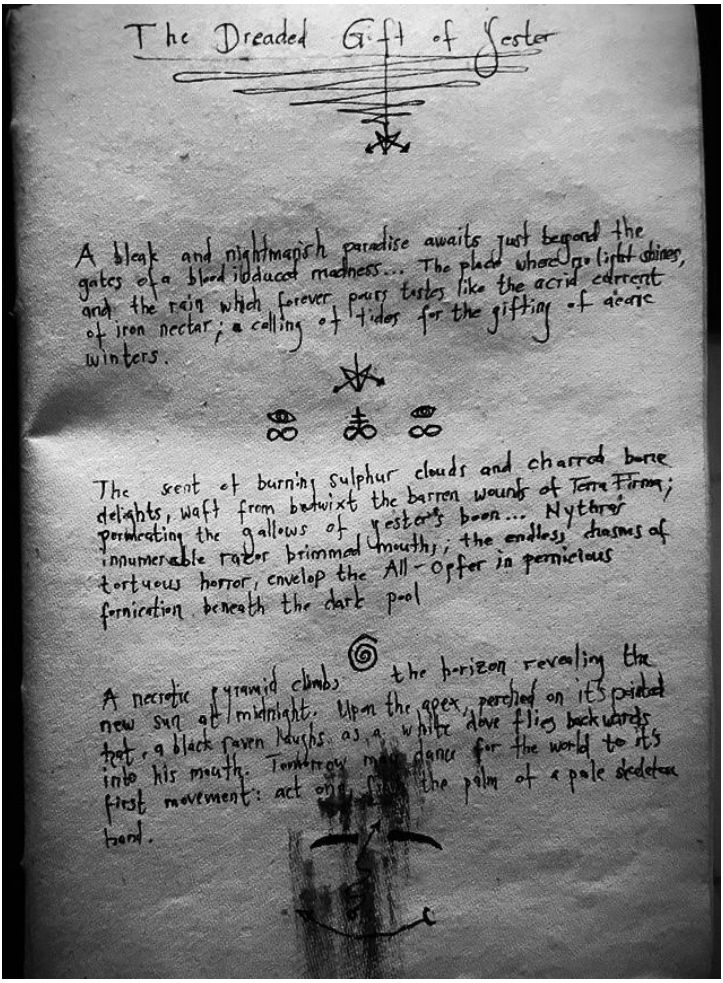
The Dreaded Gift of Yester
A bleak and nightmarish paradise awaits just beyond the gates of a blood induced madness... The place where no light shines, and the rain which forever pours tastes like the acrid current of iron nectar; a calling of tides for the gifting of aeons winters.
The scent of burning sulphur clouds and charred bone delights, waft from betwixt the barren wounds of Terra Firma; permeating the gallows of Yester's boon... Nythror innumerable razor brimmed mouths; the endless chasms of tortuous horror, envelop the All-Opfer in pernicious fornication beneath the dark pool
A necrotic pyramid climbs the horizon revealing the new sun at midnight. Upon the apex, perched on it's pinical tent, a black raven lurches as a white dove flies backwards into his mouth. Tomorrow may dance for the world to it's first movement: act one, [illegible] the palm of a pale skeletal hand.

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:The Dreaded Gift of Yester:

A bleak and nightmarish paradise awaits just beyond the gates of a blood induced madness...The place where no light shines, and the rain which forever pours tastes like the acrid current of iron nectar; a calling of tides for the gifting of aeonic winters ...

The scent of burning sulphur clouds and charred bone delights, waft from betwixt the barren wounds of Terra Firma; permeating the gallows of yester's boon... Dreaded silence... Nythra's innumerable razor brimmed mouths; the endless chasms of tortuous horror, envelop the All-Opfer in pernicious fornication beneath the dark pool.

A necrotic pyramid climbs the horizon revealing the new Sun at Midnight. Upon the apex, perched on its pointed hat, a black raven laughs as a white dove flies backwards into his mouth.

Tomorrow may dance for the world to its first movement: act one, from the palm of a pale skeleton hand...

Tyrant Nirrta
134yf

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:No Limits Evil:

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Within Satanism the principle of 'Evil without limits' (going beyond due measure) has always been an essential pillar in regards to the transfiguration towards that which is beyond humanity, although those more recent strains of Satanic spheres has brought this element to a far more lethal and intense degree no doubt due to the American influence growing within the last few decades. Despite the many attempts of those among the modern Traditional Satanic spheres to restrain this mutation in our strain there has rather been only an increase and deeper immersion into the dark fruits of that which is beyond all limits of the human psyche, directly pointed by those dreadful hands of the Undead facilitating entrance into grander and bleaker dark glories.

When approaching the abyssal depths of severe moral compromise and indulgence into the various avenues of depravity, which is entirely necessary for the those aspiring to the Noctulian State, the Neonate will at first likely hold a stance of confidence in this regard ignorant to what is truly required to pass through the mouth of Choronzon. Whether this be family, close friends, children, women, elders, etc. Objects which one has come to identify as bastions of purity and therefore inwardly affirming the 'innocence' within oneself (innocence which must be completely betrayed and destroyed within oneself if one is practicing Wamphyrism), such idols must be smashed entirely, subject whether overtly or covertly those around you who bring a sense of wholesome enjoyment and comfort with unrestrained perversity and sadistic lust, constantly

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placing oneself in such situations will result in a introspective and scattered sense of self, which will allow true Evil consciousness to emerge, drawing the Unclean spirits like moths to a flame.

No limits and no recourse can be had here, for the Predator to be awoken within you must plunge yourself into that great inferno, that inferno which shall calcinate the lower human self, allowing the infinite Darkness to flood through thy veins. Guilt will surely arise throughout these blasphemous endeavors, such guilt once it has arisen must be fervently assaulted until in its place one finds a perverse obsession in regards to the specific transgression approached. This is the domain of Beelzebub, he who stands atop the necrotic tower that is only reached by the purity of sin unrestrained. No limits, Sanctus Satanas.

Abhairaxul
134 YF

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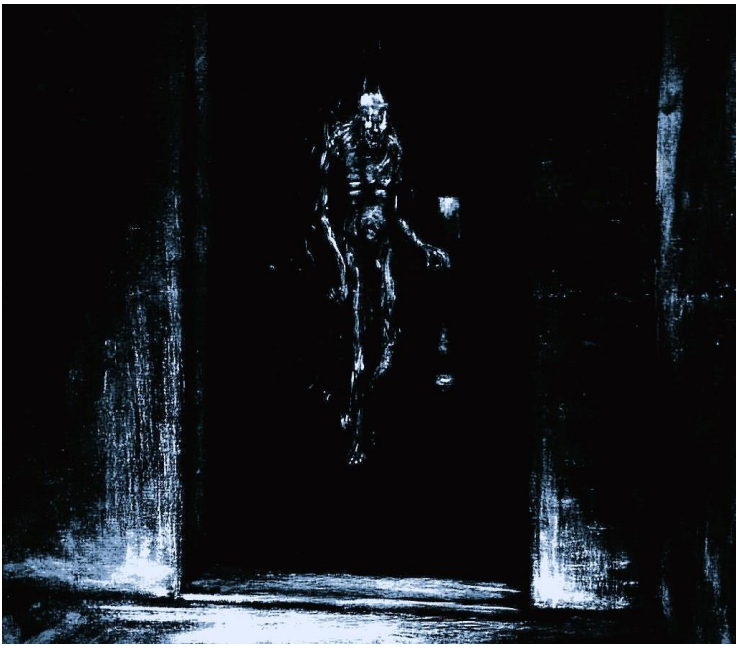
:Abhartach:
Excerpt from "Encyclopedia of the Undead"



"An even older tale, supposedly dating from the 5th or 6th centuries, also comes from Ireland. This is the legend of Abhartach, which comes from what is now County Derry in the north of the country.

Abhartach was allegedly an ancient ruler of a small kingdom that bordered upon what is now the

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town of Garvagh. He was small (possibly deformed) but said to be a mighty magician and a tyrannical monarch. He was hated by his subjects who wished to be rid of him, but were too frightened to kill him themselves because of his alleged magic powers.

They brought another chieftain named Cathain from a neighbouring kingdom to do the job for them. Cathain killed the tyrant and buried him standing up as befitted a Celtic chieftain. But the next day, Abhartach was back, demanding a bowl of blood from the wrists of his subjects in order, says the tale, to "sustain his vile corpse."

Cathain came again, killed him, and reburied him, but the next day the dreadful cadaver was back, demanding the same gory tribute. Cathain then consulted with either the druids (Pagan holy men) or an early Christian saint (depending on what version of the story is told) as to why this should be. He was told that Abhartach wasn't completely dead, nor could he be killed, because of his magic powers. He was one of the marbh bheo (walking dead) who would torment his people unless he was suspended. Cathain could do this by killing him with a sword made of yew wood, burying him upside down, placing thorns around his grace, and a great stone directly on top of him.

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Cathain did all this, even going so far as to build a leacht or sepulchre over the gravesite. This monument gave the townland outside Garvagh its name—Slaghtaverty (Abhartach's leacht).

Today, the sepulchre is gone, although it is said that one massive capstone remains over the actual burial site. A tree has grown there, too—supposedly from the original 30 Encyclopedia of the Undead thorns, although this growth is much younger. The land around is considered "bad ground" and has changed ownership several times and few locals will approach the place after dark, even today. In the region they still talk about "the man who was buried three times.".

The previous story was at one time extremely well known throughout Ireland. Although most probably a folk legend, it was written down as actual history in Dr. Geoffrey Keating's Foras Feasa ar Eireann (A General History of Ireland) between 1620 and 1631, perhaps making it the oldest written vampire story in Western Europe. It was later reprinted in 1880 in A History of Ireland by Patrick Weston Joyce and, it has been suggested, the Celtic chieftain Abhartach may have been the prototype for Bram Stoker's classic vampire figure, Dracula.

It should be borne in mind that the two most famous vampire stories—Dracula and Carmilla , were

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both written by Irishmen, Bram Stoker and Sheridan Le Fanu respectively.

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:Night Breed:

A New Breed is emerging under many banners, Demons in the Flesh. Personal motivation falls away, emotions, the "human" aspects, are drained out of the psyche. This is a process that remains largely unnamed, but we have received intimations of it through history, Vampires, Skinwalkers, Wendigos, Rakshasa, Draugr, etc.

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The acceleration of a personal indifference, a truly Predatory mindset, that develops through the gradual intrusion of the Dark Lord into the Initiates Being. One becomes at one with Chaos, one becomes the Death of the world, existing as a Beast, as a Weapon. You become a vessel for the Antichrist, hell-bent on one inhumane goal, to Destroy and Devour all until the Natural Balance is restored.

Entities of such a Nature are being awakened due to the Cosmic Tides willing it so, Now is the time of Maha-Pralaya, and thus We descend as Black Messiahs to encircle this Earth in Hellfire. We are the Undead, and our Teachers whisper their chthonic secrets to us, assisting to sharpen the blade of Inhumane Wrath that shall come as a Reaper to the unworthy. They make themselves known, We are the disciples of the Cosmic Terrorist, our Nature has always been such, and perhaps when the need for such denizens is no longer needed, we return to our slumber in the Cosmic Womb of the Void Mother.

What does this entail, what are the necessary steps one must take to ascend among the ranks of the Undead, those of us who will be a part of this Totalitarian Death Parade that shall cleanse this Earth in Apocalypse have already been marked, aware of it or not, their destiny has been carved into the Cosmic Wheel and in time they will awaken to their calling.

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How does one tap into this Venom that flows within oneself, what are the necessary steps for Undead Dominion, The Undead State is a Gnosis of Negation and Magnetism, To reach out and transcend towards this Apotheosis requires discipline and devotion, one must be willing to slaughter oneself, continuously. You must die to Self in order to become, the Undead Essence devours the lesser man, the ego. In order to break through to the heights of becoming that which is 'more than Human' you must endure shock, terror, and discipline of the highest degree, inflicted on one's mind, body and soul.

The fires of Hell purify and burn away that which is impure, the sharp lashes from the Bloodied One's tendrils tear away the previously held behaviors. To truly become the 'Overman' one must with fanatical Will, break through the barriers of the Mind and ascend to the blackest heights of Individuality.

Limitations must be shattered; the tethers that bind you must be destroyed. You must suffer, only through suffering may you be reborn, what you are, must die. The Vampyre is alone; you must devour all that is impure within yourself.

Bhairava Skull
133 yf

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:A Note On Insight Roles:

During the course of an infiltration role it is important to understand the concept of double-masking (alternatively referred to as DPA or Dual Personality Awareness), as you begin to embody the chosen form in daily life, whether this be praying according to religious dictates, reading such a religion's core texts and absorbing the belief and doctrine into the very marrow of your bones (Religious practices of course aren't included in a political form), there will arise something akin to a break in your psyche, a dividing line between the emerging persona of the form and the previous Satanic mind.

Whilst it is indeed necessary in the role to attempt to vilify and reject the previous Satanic molding, of course, elements should be kept in the tool-belt of your consciousness, able to be sheathed and unsheathed at will according to their usage (contemplation on the changes occuring during the role, Wamphyric feeding, darkening or harming of the natural adherents to said form on a level of subtle manipulation, Acausal disruptions, etc.). Similarly, the role persona may be tapped into when it is needed, specifically in relation to the actual immersion and blending into the ranks of the role.

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As has been stated repeatedly within former manuscripts relating to Insight Roles, the identification with the role chosen and awakening of the latent aspects of the Self within you pertaining to said role is an absloute NECESSITY if one is striving for the achievement of the psychic freedom which the role will grant. It is about learning to become your own opposite, to psychologically shape-shift into a version of yourself which has remained hitherto undiscovered (therefore unmastered). Such a discipline will grant further insights into yourself, joining two opposites and transcending both of them.

You will begin to see that the Acausal and the Dark inhabitants of such are not constrained to the contrived, Causal forms which mankind manufacturers in a somewhat elementary manner to grasp and understand such beings. You will find yourself clearly apprehending the Acausal Darkness in figures or forms that seem diametrically proposed to such. You will find yourself clearly perceiving the Acausal Darkness in Religious figures such as Jesus Christ, the Buddha, etc. (see 2 Corinthians 11:14)

The predatory impulse of the Supernal Predator extends far beyond the limting confines of darkness and light, experience, and understanding of this in its divine clarity is the onset of the Transcendental Position, the formless and voiceless whisper of Wamphyrism which is

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found to be immanent yet unrestrained to the puerile constructions of the human mind.

Like everything relating to the Sinister Path, it is up to you to solve the myriad of riddles guarding the Alchemical secrets of the Ordeals provided by such. Learning to discern what is tactical knowledge relating to the furtherance of a certain dialectic or Aeonic goal, and what is genuinely Occultic, that which is internal and transformative to yourself beyond the external operations more than likely of a nature pertaining to subversion and espionage of a given institution or population.

It is possible to operate on both levels simultaneously given determined and proper application of the wisdom and demands that this specific Ordeal requires. Nonetheless, the Acausal Darkness will remain hidden and deceptive, both within yourself and within the mundane hordes which populate this planet, Immortals remaining and observing unseen as both guides and destroyers, Acta non verba ex Inferis.

Abhairaxul
AOS 1

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:Lord Of Lethality:

It has been said many times before that we are Destroyers, whilst the mundane herd busies itself with endless attempts to manufacture a myriad of philosophies and rhetoric to save itself from the incessant downpour of Darkness, those of us whom have sworn themselves to the Darkness know just how these pathetic attempts truly are. Nothing shall stop Satan's black will from infecting every crevice of this world, perversion and temptation constantly snapping the prey back into our domain. We molest the lives of all, none shall escape the grasp of molestation that

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looms over humanity, Wamphyrs are life eaters, we infect their families, societies and ideals into lawless depravity, innocence destroyed entirely, nothing spared. We are not of this world, nor of this place, and thus our instincts are Alien to the human nature, our Predatory onslaught upon mankind shall never cease, for man is nothing but food to those becoming that which is beyond human.

The lowest depths of that backwards domain of the Abyss echo and churn akin to an ocean of organic mirrors, endless horrific pastimes dwelling for eternity within these Hellish planes of torment, Demonic patrons gorging themselves on the suffering thus wrought. As Satanists it is our Black duty, as Demons manifest in the Causal plane to bring to flower these many many hideous pastimes into this world, enshrining Hell's Dominion upon the earth. The approach in this shall be quintessentially calculating and ruthless, locate the mundane attachments and sentiments that you have come to hold so dear, an icon to that which pleases and comforts you, that which is pure and innocent in your eyes, now move forward, with dread intent molest and betray these attachments, enter into the domain of Great Demon and propitiate him with your deeds, your trauma, your sin.

The Hostile Intelligences will be drawn inevitably if one continuously treads down that twisted

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path fraught with a myriad of transgressions and grand disturbances to the human psyche, persisting days without sleep, engaging in ritual fasting in order to bring one to a state of total physical and psychological stress, such stress facilitating the opening of the Gateways within the mind which those Undead enter through, intruding upon the psyche and flushing the Neonate with their transformative essence, such essence is entirely necessary for those who wish to become that which is truly of the Night-side, that predatory beast of prey which embodies the elements complimentary to the Apocalyptic hellscape which draws nearer with each second, minute, and hour.

This immersion into moral depravity and transgression especially when mixed with a strict and fanatical adherence to a physical discipline produces a suitably monstrous mindset. Primed and ready for terror unrestrained, viscously assaulting every level of order within the society one is within, for as it has been said "The Vampire is a force of Corruption in the world, intent on dismantling and disrupting all established order."

Heed the call of the reaper, for the Final Harvest looms upon the decrepit horizon.

Abhairaxul
134 YF

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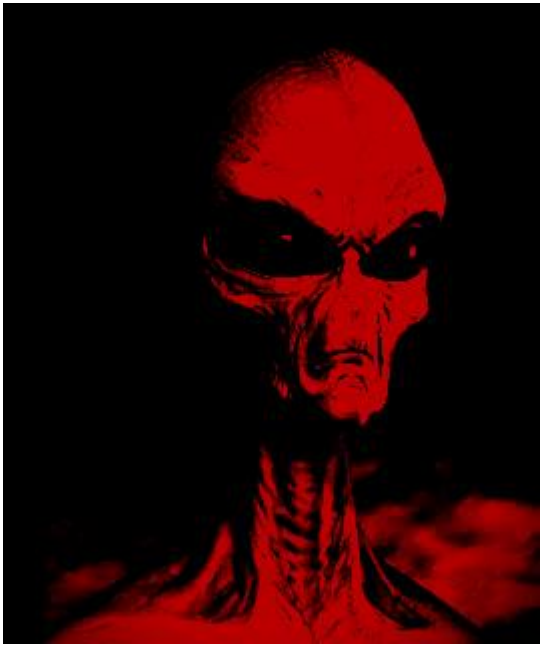
:Satanic Excellence:



The average person is an appalling symptom of the military-industrial-media complex. The thought of doing as little as possible to get by, adhering to society's expectations, and the expectancy of instant gratification is repulsive to the Satanist. By virtue of our antinomian nature, there is only one option for the Satanist; to be exceptional. An exceptional existence can only happen through being great or exceedingly

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shit. Satanists' respect for nature means that you must insist that you evolve, so you must seek to be terrific in your character; for better or for worse.

The human brain is designed to calculate positioning in relation to time and space; for this reason it is imperative for a Satanist to excel in the realm of physicality. A multitude of physical movements and exercise types should be adhered to, thus unlocking the mental potential by giving the brain a lot tasks to solve and adaptations to make. You cannot be entirely useful to yourself or to your Koven temple by focusing entirely on intellect or physicality due to life giving us a multitude of obstacles that require different skillsets and abilities.

There is no greater method of achieving excellence than through adversity. Pathei-mathos is the most important concept of learning for the Satanist because it discards notions of empowerment akin to the armchair occultist that are exclusively derived from a position of character weakness and perceived inferiority. The excellence we speak of is quantifiable and substantiate, capable of being easily measured through universal displays of physicality and via etiquette and cultured knowledge.

Specialization is one such way of achieving excellence, although this is not one that is open to the

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Satanist. A harsh existence requires expertise in many areas with specialization being luxury you can only afford to a skillset which allows either yourself or your temple to thrive. Insight roles are a powerful way of attaining experience outside of our daily existence and also act as a way to embrace specializing in a new skillset for a short period before unleashing it as part of a deeper bag of tools available to the Satanist. It is better to be a generalist because that allows the Satanist to insidiously place them self with different subgroups of society and influence them from within.

While pathei-mathos is most important, the Satanist should also endeavor to achieve excellence in scholarly matters. To possess even an above-average understanding of a vast number of subjects in varying fields reinforces the generalist concept, and ensures we do not become specialists capable of only excelling in one niche field, incapable of advancing our understanding in other fields. The same applies to cultural and ethnic studies. For us to be able to achieve a cultured knowing, we must push ourselves to learn of other peoples and cultures besides our own. The world is a vast and biodiverse space, and humanity's techno-industrial development has only brought that biodiversity closer, so the probability that we are going to encounter other races, ethnicities, cultures and traditions, is higher than ever; sufficed to say, you never know when the aforementioned cultured knowing will

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prove useful, and you never know what insights you may receive because of that cultured knowing.

Absolute conviction is a necessity towards unleashing potential. Anything less will take away from any given experience and detract from pathei-mathos, thus diluting any potential knowledge gained from adversity.

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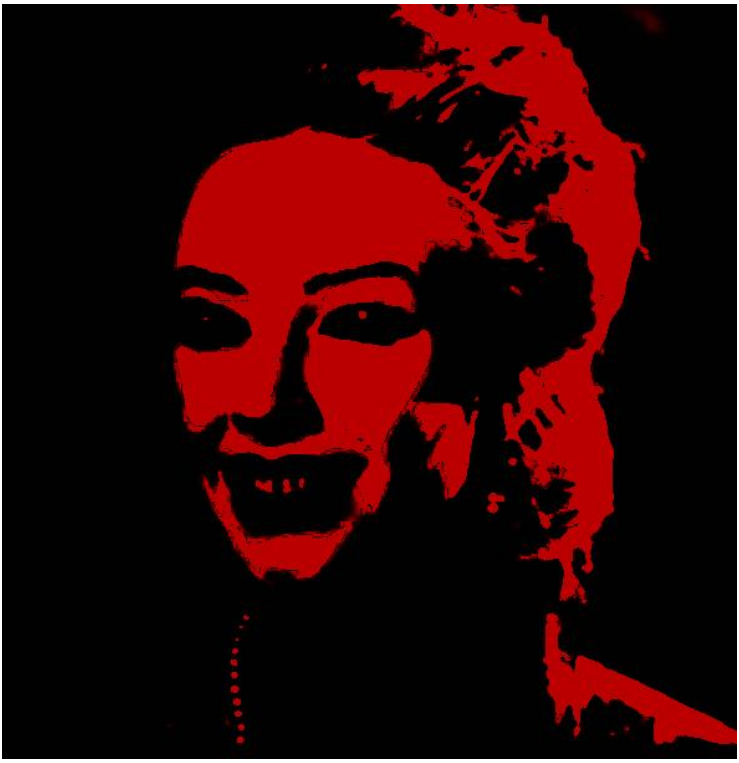
:Our Black Devotion:



WE NEVER SLEEP.

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Those of us who have been distorted and twisted by the devilish frequency of the Backwards Darkness shall be very familiar with the concept of walking Voids, conventionally identified through the phrase of 'DEMONS IN THE FLESH', but what is the true quintessence of this metamorphosis? Can we identify the elements and intelligences responsible for the horrid trials and mutations that breed such vessels of the Night Breed?

The horrific and indeed Transcendental pastimes that embody the descent (ascent?) into that Primordial Abyss display in themselves quite well, the nature of the path and the desired zenith point that all Acolytes of the Undead strive for, this being the very Essence of Madness, that Choronzonic VENOM that infects the Neonate upon their first engagements with the Undead and gradually erodes away the fallible and imperfect Ego, destroying the blockade keeping the Vampire from rediscovering that eternal link to the Primordial sea of Darkness. It is this very link to the Supernal Darkness that twists and decides our path, there lies the very Essence of Vampirism, that being to embody and become an emissary of that burning Abyss.

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This is true Vampiric Metamorphosis, to purify the vessel through brutal ordeals and rites in order to allow the Void of Choronzon to enter through the auspices thus created accompanied by the maniacal influx of the Undead Gods, allowing the Ancient Shadow Self to rise beautifully from the scattered remains of the ego. To re-establish our link with that Eternal Night that resides around all, as the dark womb, that perfect singularity, from whence all came and all shall return, Om Krim Kali.

As we are eternally of that night-side, vicious and hissing shades in the shadows, the apex of that which is inimical and deadly to those laws, morals, and ethics which the mundanes form to keep themselves from collapsing into apathetic insanity at the stark reality of their cosmic position. For this is what we are, this is what we enjoy, we will remain, seizing command and fervently howling as the world is dragged, kicking and screaming, into Hell on Earth, followed by the cold embrace of that churning Void, that endless Screaming Silence.

Bhairava Skull
134 yf

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:Horrific Veneration:

1. Every day the Master returns to that dungeon, which lay far beneath his Chateau, encased in shadow, rough stone walls of a past age echo with the screams of agony. Suffer the souls of those trapped within those halls, for such suffering feeds those bloated controllers from beyond the Gates, each day in that liminal space of time when day is devoured by the lethality of night, he comes only to enact those most forbidden and horrific pastimes, to punish and molest. I see them now, beautiful young women dwell in those cells, plump and

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youthful buttocks remaining for the various sadistic delights the Master chooses to inflict upon them, demonic leather meeting soft porcelain skin. Dark shades rise from the cracks within this space, awakening as night falls upon day to relish in the horrible transgressions enacted again and again, the number of unfortunate victims always rising, the wheels of dread constantly turning, soul and after soul fed to the beast of these woods.

2. The old whore screamed into the night, she had been particular chosen for the specific fact that such individuals of her age are seen to be protected, the hand of Satan takes all and turns away none, inhumane wrath viscously violating this supposed limitation. Her captor violently fucked the moist cunt of the elderly slut with frenzied grunts and occasional verbal abuse issuing forth from his mouth, harsh insults accompanied with spittle landing upon the woman's aged pair of breasts, moistened by sweat due to the traumatic nature of her current predicament. Her clothing had been removed via a pair of scissors earlier before the violent rape would take place.

The captor's eyes rolled into his skull as he forcefully plunged his throbbing cock hard into the warm forbidden flesh of the granny whore. As he rhythmically fucked her cunt, he reached around and began sliding his fingers into her anus, sodomizing the

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poor soul, strings of drool issued from his mouth as he pulled his throbbing cock out from her pussy and yanked the elderly fuck meat by her auburn hair and began ramming his cock deep into her throat, grunting like an animal at this stage he gazed down upon the helpless piece of shit that looked up at him in complete shock and horror, streams of tears running down her rough cheeks and blood and spit pooling out from her mouth from the viscous throat fucking occurring.

As he approached climax he gripped her head with both hands, brutally slamming his cock into her throat and then finally forcing it as deep as possible and blowing his load into her filthy whore mouth. He let go and she collapsed onto the forest floor staring blankly towards the starry night sky, her mind forced into a state of complete dissociation. Her captor towered above her, dominating and predatory in his appearance, blacked out entirely, such anonymity only accentuating the psychological pain of the woman. With ruthless dexterity the captor pounced upon the old used slut, unsheathing a gleaming combat blade, slamming his hand down upon the woman's forehead, forcing it down upon the earthen floor with a cold vice grip, before swiftly sawing away at her throat, once her head had been completely removed he held it above his head, crescent moon glowing just behind it. Semen and blood oozing from her mouth, used and destroyed, he tossed

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the head aside, leaving her corpse to be devoured by the black wolves of this forest, Inhumanity.

3. Pale ghastly lights of Undeath glow upon these fields, silent and infinitely horrific forces weave throughout this land; I have many memories of the liminal and oftentimes visually assaulting nature of the interactions with these forms. I remember as a child, being awoken in the middle of the night to find myself gazing upon a bizarre macabre form standing just beyond the doorway to my room. These beings look somewhat like us oftentimes, but it's as if they are mocking us with their hideous mutilation and perversion of our forms, whether this be height, strange facial features, etc. Their very existence is inimical to us and our

world, they are Hostile to the core. Violent and Infinite, I see within those lights horrors beyond the comprehension of man, and I understand it was a supreme and hungering Darkness from which this world was born, and to which it shall inevitably be swallowed, Eternal Night.

Abhairaxul
134 YF

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:Vampiric Sadism:

We will now expand on vampiric feeding via physical infliction which is a more extreme form of predatory practice.

In this section, we will discuss the practice of vampirism on a much more physical level which does

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not necessarily use the astral body itself,. but instead feeds in a more direct and violent manner.

When a human experiences extreme physical pain, they release a tremendous amount of blood essence or "lifeforce", which can be heavily fed upon by the vampiric initiate. The amount of blood current released through physical trauma and pain, or literal blood shed is paramount compared to that of the more accepted and "popular" methods of feeding.

Remember! The more extreme the physical pain, the more the blood essence that is released... Use your own discretion on this note and FEED! FEED! FEED! ...deeply... and deeper still...

Now, of course, we would *never* advocate criminal activity; but, it should be taken note of that the most intense and direct form of feeding via physical infliction is of course ultimately, the literal culling of your prey.

When their final breath leaves the physical body, taking along with it the lifeforce which previously occupied internally, their gross material host, where does this go? Straight into the astral field as a free-for-all for whoever may lurk in wait. If you are to feed through this practice, be sure to draw in their blood essence at the apex of subjected "treatment", to

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whatever degree that may extend unto.

Again, we would *never* suggest anything illegal; this is just for "information purposes." All good little boys and girls who obey the law and pray to Jesus go to heaven and rot together in slave ship...

On another note concerning physical vampirism via the auspices of sadism: the practice of storing reserves of blood current for means of controlled and long lasting resources; it should be desired and sought after by the vampiric initiate to retain, amass and hold a steady resource of blood current; for example, keeping a firm "boot on throat" iron-fist grip over a human slave.

Himmler practiced this form of large scale vampirism from within the confines of the sinister concentration camps of Nazi Germany, as did Beria from the confines of the hellish gulags of the Soviet Union. In both cases, there was a storage of specimens from which could be forced to be used as slaves as required.

Furthermore, storage of humans equals storage of Blood Current which can be "spiked" into at any point in time as necessary for feeding purposes to suit your' needs.

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Human slavery and sexual deviance via psychological or violent domination is a fine example of vampiric sadism and control in practice...

Bondage, Domination & Sadomasochism

Within the fringes of society exists a subculture of kink and fetishism; intrinsically synonymous with sexually deviant behaviour and paraphilic activity called BDSM (Bondage, Domination, Sadism, Masochism).

To many, if not most, the mere suggestion of taboo "lifestyles", and/or the vague hinting at the forbidden arena of BDSM, is highly frowned upon; more often than not met with stark disapproval, concern, judgement or disgust. The very notion of such a concept to the general demographic as a whole is universally at best, immensely offensive and even appalling...

...to others however, this hardly scratches the surface to the coveted level of perversity and depravity that lies waiting in the bottomless potential of the metaphorical "Lament Configuration box" that is verily, the sphere of vampiric sadism... the exquisite, hyper-carnal, sado-spiritual, acute experience in the pursuits of flesh obedience, domination and pain; trauma-based programming, alchemical transfiguration

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and the blood essence therein that is amassed and ultimately served up to the vampiric initiate through such hideous pastimes. Ripe for perpetual harvest...

At face value, this point could potentially be easily misinterpreted and deduced as an introduction to some sort of profane exploit into the mundane obsessive pastimes of "comfort and pleasure" which are ever present and the source of focus among the pathetic human hubris. This couldn't be farther from the truth - if you thought this; you thought wrong.

With respect to the predatory ethos and praxis of Traditional Vampirism as implemented and perpetrated within the Orthodox Blood Order, when considering the following terms: bondage, domination, sadism and masochism - one will, explicitly and without exception, via extensive and expansive, direct personal experience and mania into such practices, come to naturally ascertain the hardline association of BDSM and what constitutes the individual components of the acronym in and of itself, with an alternate translation of terms which retain the fundamental nature and unadulterated linguistic essence of BDSM. In substitution of the aforementioned acronym, we now present the following "sinister" interpretation of the four syllable acronym in question and implore you to deeply consider the esoteric significance posited and let the dreadful implications sink in.

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Paralysis, Control, Predation, Victimize.

The above inventory evokes a far greater explication and to-the-point reveal from the vampiric perspective of "The Nightmare", into the truly sinister and predatory nature of genuine BDSM which is in truth, worlds away from the commonly accepted, soft, safe and incoherent delusions of those that profess "bdsm" to be some kind of role playing care campaign to reversely and ironically, serve the wants of the "sub/slave" asset. We are referring to the same inane attention seeking, toe dippers who have turned "bdsm" into some kind of emasculated scene for weekend warrior trend hopper types. In stark contrast to this laughable parade of theatrics however, genuine BDSM is in actuality a branding if you will, for not only predatory signatures via sexuality, but also a particular pillar of fundamentally vampiric ethos in practice - perilous, socially repugnant, morally detestable, degrading, violent and depraved...

- To Be Continued -

Tyrant Nirrta
AoS Anno 1

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